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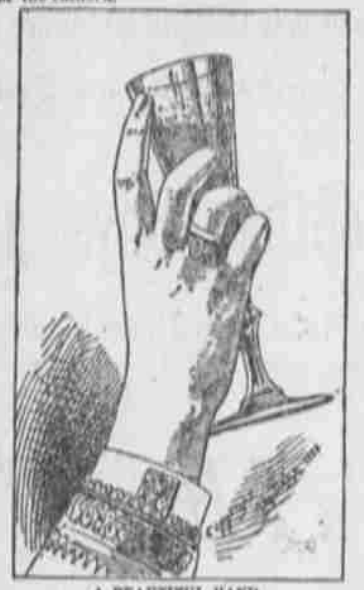
## FROM NEW YORK.

Some Things That "Evelyn" Finds of Interest.

### THE HAND PHOTOGRAPH PAD.

A Glimpse at One of the Fastest Metropolitan Entertainment of the Year.  
"Apples of Idleness That Turn to Ashes on the Lips"—Mrs. Kendal by Way of Contrast.

[Copyright, 1890.]  
New York, March 6.—There is a photograph standing on my desk as I write, the photograph of a woman's hand. It has been conspicuous in New York store windows for the last six months, but I don't know whose hand it is, and neither, I venture to say, does anybody else save the owner and the photographer. This rare for hand photograph began among New York women about a year ago, and has since then, although it has taken another turn, and beautiful feet and arms are frequently perpetuated by the lens of the camera.



This peculiar corner of photography is controlled by one man, and he has flooded the market with hundreds of beautiful characteristic hands. Usually they belong to private individuals, who remain profoundly inconspicuous. We may be admiring the hand of our "dear, cousin or aunt," of a society belle, or of the pretty young person who sells us muslin over a counter. But isn't a beautiful hand worth a special photograph? It has been called "the second face." A woman's dimpled hand is the loveliest thing in the world.

This particular photograph at which I am now looking shows half a lot of money cuff, a round, downy wrist, and the delicate fingers encircled a glass of wine held lightly up. No doubt you know the picture I refer to. It has been so extensively sold. See the soft shadows over the articulations of the fingers which taper to their extremities, the dimples above the knuckles, the line of the dimpled hand is rarely strong minded and apt to be more or less a creature of impulse; but I don't believe she'd change her pretty, presumably new paw for one more strongly characteristic. With such a hand to play an instrument, wave a fan, or by its soft, mysterious pressure, make a man's heart dance, cannot say Nature has forgotten to be kind.

Eleven o'clock! Broadway was brilliant as daylight under the electric lights. There was a tangle of cabstall, a scurrying of masked figures into a wide, lighted doorway and a crowd of distant music.

This was my first inspection of one of the most rapid of metropolitan balls. I really went in search of new impressions, as a student of the streets who learns more from life than books, for I had heard the great ball masquerade whirled, of limited at, had seen people whisper their shoulders and lift their eyebrows whenever they passed. Besides, why should I, being a woman with a good deal of that inherent commodity which spoiled the future of our first mother, see for myself if only for once? So I went.

The band was playing one of Waldteufel's dreamy waltzes as we passed into a world of light, waltzes and color, with such an abundance of cut flowers hanging over the edges of the boxes and falling on the bare shoulders of pretty women that the place smelled like a garden in full bloom. And the music, as it poured downward from the highest gallery through a haze of dust and sunlight, how shall I describe it? There was something human in the power of the strains, and the throbbing of a hundred heavier instruments was like the beating of an overcharged heart and filled one with raptures.

It was a new sensation to look around at the floor thronged with maskers, and at the tiers of crowded boxes above. Most of the women were in the most striking costumes, with small nose masks. A sparkling woman in a complete disguise, consisting of black domino, hood and mask, like myself. Characteristic costumes were few.

I found it to be a ball of unlimited champagne, ladies' first names, bare shoulders, "rooms of comfort," hair and dress; a whole pool of music, flowers, laughter, tipsiness. As the night progressed the dancing grew wilder, and untidy couples crashed against each other with loud exclamations; the sound of broken glasses was oft recurring, and women screaming with laughter hung heavily on their companion's arms.

Maybe you are wondering if my sensibilities were shocked at every turn? Not so much as they would have been if I had not come wrapped in an invisible armor, prepared to be shocked. But I'll tell you of a couple of incidents I couldn't forget. As I stood in one of the corridors looking down at the dancers, a young woman came toward me. She was very much intoxicated. Probably from a perverse spirit of humor she had adopted the character least suitable to her, for she was dressed as an angel. I could not laugh at her, although she tripped on her gaily draped with every step while her broken wings made a disconcerting sound against the floor. She kept up a running commentary with a dozen blasé club men who lounged after her and surrounded her when she sat down.

Angel—We're all in it! Club Men—Yes, we are. She wore no mask. Her face was straight, silky, brown hair; smooth forehead; soft, colorful eyes and her smiling, babyish mouth, you would have turned the cold shoulder on physiognomists forever with the approval that faces tell us nothing. A little later, when I descended to the floor, I saw another girl who might have posed as a beau ideal for a French etching. She was standing on a chair, leaning over the rail of one of the lower boxes. Three men were struggling to fill her glass with champagne from three different bottles, while a quartet stood around her chair, one holding her fan and another her mask. She, too, was lovely and barely 20. She looked happy, but was shut—poor, frail queen of a gait! world! Her laughter was like bubbles that would not deeper than the lips. I knew her by sight and knew also something of her history. With a father who followed the rascal for a living and a brother whose fortune depended on his turning up the right card, was it any wonder that at last she had descended to the distinction of an unmasked queen at a ball distinctly disreputable?

As a glimpse at the other side of life—that side which properly belongs to a saloon—this well ball had its value. I heard one man call it "swindling." But to me it seemed more like those beautiful apples of tradition which turned to ashes on the lips. Everybody has heard admiring things of Mrs. Kendal. But they cannot have said all. They cannot have said what I want to say. Before I saw her on the stage, intimately in company, I had the privilege of a chat with her in her private parlor at the Victoria hotel. It was a fresh, sunny morning; a shower of rain had just passed, and the playing on Madison square broke on the stillness as I waited for her; a score of Jacquemont roses burned their fragrant lives out in a large vase on the table.

There was a jangle of rings on the portiere and a woman in a walking gown of dark blue entered. A Garibaldi cape fell in soft folds about her ample, shapely shoulders; a wide hat cast a soft shadow upon the upper part of her face. She was tall, graceful, good to look at; her hand was extended, and there was a welcoming light in her candid eyes. It occurred to me then that if Mrs. Kendal were on trial for her life, the expression in her large, frank eyes would disarm a hundred judges. At once she seemed a harmonious part of the breezy, sunny morning, while the accompaniments of sprightly music and sundries seemed by right to belong to her.

She is a woman in a hundred; an actress in a thousand, if, indeed, she has her counterpart upon the stage at all. Wholesomeness, truth, simplicity make themselves felt in her every gesture and glance. Withal she is merry and impulsive as a girl of 16, minus the guile. No wall of conventionality kept the real woman away from me, no stereotyped phrases fell from her lips. In five minutes I knew her so well I could have borrowed a hairpin from her in the most delightfully confidential manner.

She talked very freely of her life in England, of her children (eight of them, I believe, of men and women, life, and things, in general, and everything she said bore the imprint of her own delightful individuality. When she spoke of her husband there was something in her manner that just gave the faintest suggestion of her lifelong affection for him. If you are susceptible to sensations, you will understand the peculiar magnetism of romance in the feeling, for frequently the stranger is of your own sex.

It is purely a physical magnetism, and this, together with other charms of manner and speech, Mrs. Kendal possesses in an extraordinary degree. The play of her white fingers as she discussed roses in my jacket and the swift upward glance of her eyes gave the graceful attention the strange importance and pleasure which I have tried to describe, but which seems beyond definition.

She has been called a charming woman many times, but so have others who deserved it less. To me she seemed a true woman, gifted with heart and brain, full of a subtle fire and winning softness, a good wife, a good mother, mingling with her steadfastness of character the wit of an Irish woman and the sagacity of a French woman. When will the stage produce such another so true, so sympathetic, so utterly unspoiled by success? As for the rose she gave me, I have it yet.

Every year or so feminine extravagance breaks out in a new spot. Now it is for Arabian Nights. Of course, alas, these are only possible to the fortunate ones who possess the almighty dollar in tons and to whom "purses, soft textures, lace, a hat in room" are everyday affairs. Poets and artists have raved over Marie Antoinette's bathroom at Fontainebleau, which has been called a dream of beauty, a poem in marble. It has been the inspiration for architects in modeling bathrooms for less famous and more fortunate beauties.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is considered a triumph of advanced decoration, a medley of white marble and gold, and lined with mirrors on which are painted bunches of apple blossoms in full bloom. The tub in the center is of solid marble decorated with a profusion of twisted shells.



THE ANGEL AND THE CLUB MEN. With Mrs. Kendal, sunk in the floor and gained by a flight of steps. Pearly bathing in where floor, ceiling and walls are entirely of mirrors, framed in Hawthorn blossoms. In a millionaire's home there is a bath room entirely of spotted marble, on which is painted a golden lattice, overhung with wreaths of glories and peeping Cupids. The room has the effect of an arched backing in golden sunlight. A pool of ruffled water, where the bathers can plunge and swim, is reached by a flight of marble steps and reflects the Cupids and morning glories as a summer sea reflects the sky.

Can luxury further go? What shall we have next? Perhaps a hidden orchestra to ripple tarantulas while beauty leaves her pampered limbs; or riffs in the laid floor admitting spiral waves of perfumed incense so faint as to be elusive; or a few Nautilus dancers to wing languorously with wreathing arms until the eyelids of Mrs. Miles gently fall and she is soothed into a refreshing beauty sleep.

Luxury Next Door to Poverty. The other day I had occasion to call on Mr. Andrew Carnegie regarding his new library in Allegheny. I took a Broadway surface car, getting off at Fifty-first street. I walked eastward on the numbered thoroughfare, which was filled with swarthy Italian slings in the doors of their shops, from which emanated in very large quantities excited snatches of their musical language. I walked on, wondering if my distinguished friend could not have a humble namesake who lived in this neighborhood. I crossed Sixth avenue, and lo! a grand transformation seemed. A moment before, loud squall and rage; across the street, luxury and lace. It is up in this portion of the city that the Vanderbilts, Astors and other millionaires live, but they never know what daily goes on within a stone's throw of their palatial homes.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Doll's Dreammaker. There is a lady retired from business, who is now in very comfortable circumstances, who made her money as a doll's dreammaker. I have seen seven or eight carriages standing in front of her house when she only had two rooms, while the golden haired little beauties were giving grins about their darling doll-dresses. Then she moved into a fine store in Fourteenth street and sold dolls and doll's outfits, and repaired dolls as well as treated them successfully for baldness and blindness, until, as I said, she retired from business with a snug fortune. Sometimes she had sixty girls at work in the manufacturing department of clothes.

## CAMP-FIRE STORIES.

### THREE SNAKE STORIES.

#### Caressed by Rattles—Bolling Down a Cutter—Billie's Snake.

Captain George McKay tells a story in which war and snakes are mingled in a fashion which is interesting. His regiment, the Seventh Ohio, while in West Virginia in the late disengagement, became entangled with an entire brigade of the Confederate forces and a hard fight of several hours' duration ensued, with chances against the Union regiment outnumbered as it was, eight to one. Toward night Captain McKay got away with twenty of his men and made tracks up a branch of the Kanawha river. They moved cautiously along one bank while the opposing forces were following them on the opposite side of the river and steadily gathering about them on all sides. The beleaguered Unionists finally reached a sheltered spot in the side of a hill where a cave-like hollow afforded them a refuge. They dropped wearily upon the ground to rest, but they slept little that night. One of them, after a few minutes' quiet, exclaimed, in a low voice:

"We must have got into some old woman's cucumber patch. Can't you smell 'em?"

Several of the men noticed the peculiar smell, and one experienced hunter, after sniffing about, exclaimed:

"Lie still, every man of you. If you make a move you're a goner. Them's snakes—rattles, too."

The men resisted the supreme impulse of every son of Adam to fight the reptiles and lay silently through the night, while the rattles crawled over and about them, until morning dawned at last. The sensation of a man lying on his back and allowing the slimy creatures to crawl over his face and body, while every now and then the footfalls of squads of the hostile army could be heard moving about the river bank, can scarcely be imagined. Toward daylight the hunter who had first discovered the presence of the reptiles contrived in some manner to entice them to the mouth of the cave and gave the doleful impression twenty-one men a chance to move their joints. They escaped from their dangerous position, and most of them lived to tell the tale.

Squire Bauder supplements this tale with another. He says that during a hot fight in the war he was sent by his captain to look for a man who had lagged out of the line, and found him comfortably ensconced behind a rock. The laggard was drunk, and a rattlesnake's head was within an inch of his hand. Bauder called him away, and threw a stone at the snake, missing it. The reptile immediately coiled itself up and prepared to strike. Bauder threw another stone, cricket fashion, and struck his snakebitten in the neck. The animal darted at him and struck his leg, but failed to insert its fangs in the flesh, and dropped dead.

A Clevelander, recently returned from Nebraska, says he was removing the yoke from a pair of oxen, on the sand-lille just south of Bookwalter's claim, when a big rattlesnake stung him in the calf of his leg. The young man heard the rattle and was looking for the snake when it sprang at him, and consequently caught it by the body about as soon as he felt the bite. He brought the snake's head down upon one of the horns of the nearest ox, killing it, and then started on a run for the chicken coop. Having binding a newly killed fox upon his leg to draw the poison, he jumped upon the back of a wild broncho and rode three miles to town, where a quart of whiskey was secured and the narrator of the story went on his first drunk. His leg by this time had swollen to twice its normal size. He went to a hotel, dragged himself to a room and swallowed whiskey until he did not know whether he stood on his head or his feet. His last recollection is a fruitless search for the bottle, which stood on a table beside him. When he awoke the swelling had begun to subside, his friends were doing what they could for him and in a few days he was as good as new.

### CHASING GENERAL TOOMBS.

The Fateful Bundle of Papers That Stopped a Hot Pursuit.  
"You must take him, dead or alive."  
"Yes, Captain," and Private Sutherland of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry put spurs to his horse and dashed off at the top of his speed.

Captain Saint was too much excited to give further directions. He had confidently expected to capture General Toombs at his residence in the city, and with this object that he had led his rough troops into the peaceful Georgia town of Washington.

A call at the mansion had resulted in disappointment. The bird had flown. But the General could not be far away, the Captain thought, and so only one road had been left unguarded. Private Sutherland felt sure that he was on the right track.

"Hello, Sambo!"  
The negro was at work in the outskirts of the town. When he heard the soldier's rude salutation he advanced timidly to the fence by the roadside.

"Have you seen General Toombs pass this way?"  
"Who—Marse Robert? No, sah. Dunno whar Marse Robert is. Tink he left town or week ago."

"You black rascal!" roared the cavalryman, "he left his house about ten minutes ago, and must have passed this way."  
"Now, marse boss," began the negro, but he never finished his sentence, for at that moment Sutherland caught sight of a horseman riding up the hill hardly three hundred yards away.

"There he is!" he yelled.

"Dat ain't Marse Robert," quickly replied the black.

But the Federal's one glimpse of that sturdy figure with the leonine locks streaming in the wind was enough, and he was off like an arrow.

It was a hot chase. With the fugitive it was a ride for liberty—perhaps for life.

Steadily the pursuer gained on the General. He kept him in sight and got within halting distance.

The race became a mad gallop until they reached another hill.

The Federal was still gaining. Only a few yards separated the two.

"Halt!" shouted Sutherland.

The General looked over his shoulder and darted onward.

"Halt, or I fire!"  
The cavalryman leveled his pistol.

Still he rapt.

Several times they exchanged glances, and the Federal found himself admiring the gallant old General. But he had his orders, and he was determined to arrest the great Confederate. He threatened and urged the General to surrender, but not a word could he get in reply.

Riding close to the fugitive's side the trooper reached out and tore a roll of clothing from the crupper of his saddle. With a mighty effort the Confederate dashed ahead, and a roll of papers slipped through an insecure pocket and dropped on the ground.

Perhaps the documents were of the highest importance. This thought struck Private Sutherland, and he at once dismounted. Only a package of business letters.

The soldier looked up. The General was no longer in view—he had disappeared around a bend in the road.

In a moment Sutherland was in hot pursuit.

The road forked. Which way had the General gone—to the right or to the left. To save his life the young fellow could not tell, but the honest-looking dandy, who met him at that moment, could not fail to know.

"I have some letters for General Toombs—which way did he go?"

"Do Ginral, sah, he tuk de right-han' road."

"Sure?"

"Sho' an' sartin, marse boss."

That settled it. The Iowa spurred his tired horse, and shot forward like a cannon ball.

Late that afternoon Private Sutherland and his jaded steed crawled into Washington to face the jeers of a laughing crowd of Federal and citizens.

Sutherland saw an old negro watching him, and, riding up to him, he said:

"Will you tell me now which way the General went?"

"Yas, sah," was the elb reply. "He tuk de right-han' road."

When the Captain heard the trooper's report he gave a mournful whistle.

"Darn these Confederate niggers—they are as bad as their masters!"

That was all he said.

Everybody knows the remainder of the story. The General made his escape from the country.

In later years private John Sutherland frequently told his neighbors all about his adventure. Possibly he exaggerated it—perhaps he invented it. The writer of this reminiscence can not vouch for every thing.—W. P. Reed, in Atlanta Constitution.

### STORY OF A CANE.

Given to a Confederate Officer in Memory of a Brilliant Deed.

It was an ordinary ebony cane that Major Robbins, Deputy Collector of the Sixth Internal Revenue District, Kentucky, held in his hand. In fact, the pattern of the knobbed gold head was of a fashion that prevailed in the days prior to and during the war. The smoothly polished surface under the hand bore the inscription:

"H. Magoffin, Jr., to James M. Crozer, Co. A, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A."

Within the circle of the carving on the side of the head was an added line, which read thus:

"Presented in memory of a brilliant deed."

During the war young Magoffin, who was the son of an ex-Governor of the old Commonwealth, and Captain Crozer were comrades in arms, and during one of their flying raids the former, with his horse, was caught in a quicksand. The present narrator is not aware of any other circumstance in connection with the mishap than that Crozer, at the risk of his own life, rescued the young man. The cane was a trifling memento of the perilous adventure. After the war they drifted apart, and the year 1870 found Crozer in Denver, Col. There he fell in with Mr. Stewart, the present general passenger agent of the Kentucky Central railroad. They became friends by the ties of birth and congeniality, and when the former started for the mountains on a mining expedition he left the cane with Stewart. From that time Captain Crozer has lived in memory alone. No word concerning him has ever been received, so far as is now known. Whether he fell a victim to one of the numerous bands of depredators that infested the mining country in those days, whether the Indians ambushed him, or whether sick and alone he died in some forgotten canyon of the bottling Sierra Nevada, no one has ever related. Stewart came East, bringing the cane with him, and only a few days ago gave the story to Major Robbins, who will send the precious memorial to the sister of the lost adventurer, living, it is believed, at Owensboro, Ky.—Cincinnati Commercial.

### RANDOM SHOTS.

CALVIN S. BUCK, the new United States Senator from Ohio, is a veteran of the late war. He is a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and Loyal Legion.

PENNSYLVANIA still maintains its position as the "banner department" of the Grand Army of the Republic. The membership is little short of 48,000 at present.

The contract has been let for a monument in honor of the Andrews raiders. The State of Ohio is the erector. The monument is of blue Westerly granite, with appropriate emblems on the pedestal, and surmounted in bronze by a duplicate of the locomotive "General." It will be placed in the National cemetery at Chattanooga.

Trustees of the Xenia Orphans' Home.

COLUMBUS, O., Mar. 7.—[Special.]—The following gentlemen have been appointed by the Governor and referred to the Senate as trustees of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Xenia, Ohio: Gen. A. V. Rice, Putnam county, in place of A. L. Harris, resigned; Gen. L. E. Shortwood, Canton, in place of A. Schwartz, resigned; M. J. Hartley, Green county, in place of N. C. Fulton, resigned.

More Speak-Easy Trouble in Alliance.

ALLIANCE, Mar. 7.—Kate Loftus, Elizabeth Koch, John Loftus, Robert Joyce, Fred Haunley and Christ Gobell, keepers of "speak easies," were all arrested yesterday on complaint of Zimmer & Gamin, sewing machine agents, charged with violating the prohibitory ordinance. Several of these are old offenders, and John Loftus has paid into the city treasury some \$3,500 in the shape of fines at different times.

The following item has been going the rounds of the press, and as our druggists, Durbin, Wright & Co. and L. Sollman, handle the goods, it may interest our readers.

Having had occasion to use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it gives me pleasure to state that I found it to be the best medicine for a cough that I ever used. In fact, it cured me of a cough that had baffled several other cough medicines.—N. R. BURNETT, Ansonia, Iowa.

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Used as a gargle, affording prompt relief. For sale by all druggists, or by mail, on receipt of price, fifty cents, by express, prepaid.

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